

Celia's Complaint. Set by D^r ARNE

What sadness reigns

over the Plain, How droops the sweet Flow'rets a-round, How pensive each

Nymph, and each Swain, How silent how silent each Mu-si-cal

Sound, No more the soft Lute in the Bow'rs, Be-guiles the cool Ev'nings a-

17

way, Sad Sighs measure out the long Hours, Since DAMON has wander'd a -

Pianissimo

- way.

2
 Oh! he was our Villages pride,
 This change from his absence is seen;
 'Twas he that our Musick supply'd,
 When gayly we Danc'd on the Green.
 At Shearing, at Wake, and at Fair,
 How Jovial and frolick were we.
 But now ev'ry Feast in the Year
 Is Joyless as Joyless can be.

3
 Ah! why did he venture from home,
 To mix among hostile alarms;
 No Justice oblig'd him to roam,
 Or take up those terrible Arms.
 Let those who are cruel and rough,
 Be heedless of life and of Limb;
 The County had Soldiers enough,
 Nor needed one gentle like him.

4
 Where e'er the adventurer goes
 On Land, or the dangerous Main,
 Kind Heaven protect him from woes,
 And give him to CELIA again.
 Oh! give him to CELIA again,
 My true Love in safety restore;
 I'll cease on his Breast to complain,
 From my Arms he shall wander no more.